

HalfLife: Team Fortress

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Summary: This is the first HL story I'm writing, and it's based on my fave mod, and what I think had happened at the BMRF AFTER Opposing Force. A lot of swear words here, though the f-word will be censored. Under construction, so, please R & R !

1. Prologue

Prologue

Charles Higgins looked at the current mission in anticipation.

After all, the Top Secret U.S. Army Special Unit 5, codenamed "Team Fortress", hardly ever saw action, with the exception of a few cases with some Colombian drug lords, guerillas, and heavily-fortified terrorist camps.

Apparently, there was an "Incident" at the Black Mesae Research Facility, which was somewhere in New Mexico.

There was not much info give, except this: nothing was to leave the Facility, alive.

Marines had been sent arlier, but had to be pulled out, sue to "health reasons".

"The enemy, whoever they are, must be using some sort of biological, or chemical weapon.."

As the chopper lowered down, Charles, and his other crew members, of the Blue Team, of 'Fort' as it was codenamed, boarded the chopper, Charles thought "I certainly hope there will be some real action this time....."

****Hllf-Life****

****Team Fortress****

Name: Charles Higgins

Rank: Sergeant Major, U.S. Army, Special Unit 5, codename "Team Fortress

Role: Artillery specialist, heavy weaponry specialist, heavy assault in specialised situations.

Current Location: Black Mesa Research Facility, New Mexico

Mission: In the name of National Security, the situation at the facility must be handled

Details: Classified

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2. Enemy Unknown

****Chapter 1: Enemy Unknown*******

Charles looked at his squad carefully, as the chopper slowly moved to the place that was the BMRF.

On the tram, with him, were as follows: Jimmy, the Reconnaissance Unit, 'Long shot', the Sniper, 'Powder Keg' the rocket soldier, Ivan, the demolitions expert, 'Emergency', the Medic, Jack 'Burns', the flame trooper and incendiary specialist, Kieron, the spy, 'Mudd', the engineer, and lastly, 'HWGuy', himself.

Jimmy was the fastest of the pack. He held a simple MPF, and did not wear any armour, not even a standardized kevlar vest. All he wore was the standard U.S. Army cap, a basic sweatshirt, army slacks and boots. However, he replaced this lack of armour and weaponry with unmatched speed and was dedicated to the art of scouting. Essentially, he was always the soldier that went first to survey the situation.

Long shot, as he was called, was the team's most keen eyed warrior. His beady eyes constantly staring at every possible intruder, like a snake, he was covered in a woad of green and black. His mission was deadly, and he was given first priority to shoot, and take out opponents from a distance, before leaving the rest to the others.

Powder Keg was the rocket soldier, or "arty" unit, as he was also nicknamed. Donning a red beret, which he acquired from a previous attachment as a paratrooper, he went to war, be it in rain or shine, always with his bazooka. After Charles, he possessed the group's most powerful weapon. Laser guided, heat seeking, fast and furious, Powder Keg could always be trusted for his best friend.

Ivan is crazy. He was mad to the mere brink of insanity. Combine that with a whole workload of explosives, and you meet one of the most

sensitive men on the team, he is easily infuriated, and ready to hit back with an answer from his grenade launcher. He could also be counted with the laying of any heavy explosive required at any specified work point.

Like Ivan's, Burns is also mad. Except that Burns suffers from pyromania, and is given the task of burning anything: drugs, bases, even people. He takes his job with glee, and bothers the rest of the team, though the rest do know the penalty of fooling with a pyromaniac, esp one whose completely shielded from the dangers of playing with fire, through a flameproof combat suit.

Kieron was a cunning spy. One moment he was there, next moment, he's behind you, with a knife at your neck. Don't make fun of his Irish name, or he'd be likely to stab you in the back. Equipped with the latest in espionage and communications technology, a red eye stands, covering the place of a real eye, and only one, human eye, stands out of a mask of hidden truth. Conniving, witty, and almost as quick as Jimmy, he lurked about the shadows, awaiting his next ploy.

There was Emergency, the combat medic. Let me emphasize the word "combat" here. Though a medic, his main task, to himself, was always attacking the enemy, then ensuring the health of his fellow members. Gung ho, and battle ready, he was a key member, and much of a diversion, since enemy soldiers are less likely to shoot a medic, than any other soldier.

Mudd was the engineer. Hacker, worker, builder, repairman, with a wrench in one hand, and a blasting torch, powered by oxyacetylene on another, he was ready for an engineering prospect, with his shades on, his engineer gloves on the go, and his cigar in his mouth.

And last, but not least, there was himself. HW Guy. In his hand was the most feared weapon in Team Fortress: the Auto Cannon. Modeled after the Gatling Gun, it fired continuous rounds of bullets, it's firing rate relentless in it's effort until the receiver would end it's persistence in existing. He was also adept at other weapons, and, though slow, carried the most armour. He was, literally, a living tank.

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Other teams of soldiers had already moved out into the facility, and they were the 5th to do so.

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The sound of a large metal door came crashing down, as Mudd appeared, wielding a standard issue revolver, and looked around, waiting for some form of hostility to appear.

Nothing.

There was a small squeak, followed by a loud, sadistic bang, and a rodent fell, barbecued.

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>
 So far, so good.

They had reached the interior of a section under the heading "Anomalous Materials".

Nothing seemed to have happened.

Actually, that was not necessarily a good sign.

For, practically no one was there, other than the other teams.

What was this mysterious enemy they had to combat ?

What was it ?

Why had it not show up ?

Charles 'HWGuy' Higgins sat down on a nearby chair, pondering on what the enemy could be. Absent mindedly, he played with the house of a 'dead' computer, and played with it's keys, hoping for some type of computational activity to appear.

Nothing.

And then, the ground started to shake.

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"SHIT !"

"WHAT THE HELL ARE THESE BASTARDS !"

>

>"I DON'T GIVE A F*** ! FRAG THEM ALLL !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

>
 Charles hardly knew what happened. A minute ago, he was bored with the lack of an actual enemy.

Now, he was fighting for dear life.

His auto cannon charged.

Large numbers of bullets, by the dozens, sped out of his gun, and reached their target, which were these 'aliens'.

He fired like a madman.

Madness was everywhere.

And, with all the confusion, he fell down to the ground, unconscious, as something knocked him out.

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For a short moment, he gained consciousness, for only 5 seconds.

He was in an alien world.

There was a sky.

There were trees.

But the ground, was, different.

The animals, were different.

The 'structures' were different.

He looked round. In his hand... hid hands... his hands.....

He was unarmed.

The beings, all stared at him, their odd, foreign eyes staring at the humanity before them.

Charles stepped a few steps back, looking round, regretting he even though of thinking of a lack of hostility.

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Within moments, he saw a green flash of light, and he fainted again, his mind concentrating on the events around him.

3. Besieged

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Chapter 2: Besieged

(part1)

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Charles woke up, and found himself, in the hands of a scientist.

"Whereâ€¦. where am I?"

"You're safe. However, I'm afraid that your team is missing, and, there's not much that I can do."

Charles looked down, and saw that, aside from his uniform, his armour was all missing. He was still wearing his heavy duty helmet, with visor, and he was still wearing his boots. However, his weapons, ammunition, uniform, backpack.. All the other necessities were missing.

"What happened ?"

"I don't know what became of your things, nor of your friends. However, I bet you want to know what's going on around here."

"You're telling me."

"I'll explain it to you, as briefly as I can."

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"It's like this. This base, like most other government research

facilities, deals in all manner of research, particularly theoretical physics.

Teleportation, to begin with, is not like getting to A and B. After all, we don't even know what is A & B in an instant. So, we were busy trying to develop a definite system of teleportation.

During one of our test runs into simple teleportation we, by accident, ran into another plane.

We were overwhelmed. It was another world, another mix of dimensions. It was extra-terrestrial, and, even though I may not be a person of the arts, an artistically minded individual would be in awe of what he would have seen before him.

This world was, without a doubt, hostile. We detected a possibility of xenophobia, but, in truth, it was all speculation. The problem, nonetheless, was clear: we were facing a new world.

The government, upon hearing this, came up with the plan of colonizing this world, and gaining its benefits, if any. We, thus, began testing on the inhabitants of the new world we found. Call us orthodox, but, as scientists, ethics tend to get in the way of beneficial research.

Research went on smoothly until, the aliens, in retaliation, attacked us. They initiated a mass invasion into this facility. It all sounds far-fetched, even as I say it now, but, with Man's constant dabbling into Nature, the boundary between reality and fiction is enough to make one schizophrenic.

Through manipulation, the government managed to get one of their agents to stop the invasion, and, thus, unwittingly, attack the world and thus gain. Currently, as I speak, the government is building a base on this new world, as we do our research.

You were all called here to eliminate the threat, and to do what the previous lot couldn't do."

~

Charles's worst fears were confirmed, ever since he last read about them in the comic books he had enjoyed as a youth.

He had to evacuate, and fast.

"Can you tell me a way out of this facility ?"

"I believe it's a long way. The sick bay you're in now is actually locked out of the rest of the facility. I locked myself in here: I'm too frightened to leave. However, I think that you can make your way out of here.

Outside the sick bay is a basic laboratory. You can't leave there as this whole area has been buried by rubble, BUT, if you're careful, you can access the sewerage system. From there, you have to work out on your own."

"And what of my weapons ?"

The scientist gave a sigh, before getting up from the sdoft black couch he was resting on, and procceeding to a large cupboard.

He unveiled a load of military hadrware.

"I thought of keeping all this for myself, but, I suppose you'll need it more that I do.

Take care of yourself, soldier. And I hope you can find your team mates"

~

For a short while, Charles was tempted to take the scientist with him.

But, that hardly mattered, in the light of a dangerous foe.

End
file.